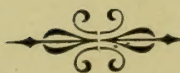


VOX COLLEGII



May, 1920



ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE
WHITBY

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Vox Collegii

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"For san et haec elim meminisse juvabit."

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WHITBY, MAY, 1920

No. 3

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Editorial

THE CAMPUS FAIRIES.

The article in our last number "In Defence of Fairies," and Mrs. Groves' delightful visit with us, brought the subject very much to our notice a few weeks ago. Now the fairies themselves are beginning to appear.

"They live in the same green world to-day

As in bygone ages olden,

And you enter in by an ancient way,
Through an ivory gate and golden."

Come, for you have

"... only to touch at the portals
rim

And it opens wide before you."

The Campus Fairies are coming back to us after their long winter's rest. The

first to arrive are the Pixie people—the dark-haired, brown-eyed, hardy little fairies who come while the trees and the grass are still brown, and dance at night under the sheltering pine-trees. At the foot of the little Burgundy Maple on the lawn are their cozy little homes—dozens of them—where hundreds of little Pixie children are playing happily together. Every night at the Fairy fourth warning, the little black-eyed mothers tuck their babies into the satiny tulip buds, and then play hide-and-seek among the crocuses and violets under our windows.

But at last, when the babies have outgrown their cradles, and the air is warm and fragrant, and the grass is deepest green, there comes a night of great ex-

citement. The Pixie musicians tune their fiddles, the busy little families hurry back and forth across the drive, the early flowers bend reverently in welcome and the buds open wider to watch the celebration. For the Lilac-fairies, the Rose-bush fairies, and the Blossom fairies are at last returning to their summer home under the weeping birch-tree near the orchard.

No wonder that the Pixie people, their plainer cousins, have forsaken their games! No wonder that the Pixie babies hide among their cradles dumb and bashful with love and admiration!

First come the Lilac fairies, with deep violet eyes, and gauzy orchid wings. In the sunshine they hover above the bushes outside the class room windows, and kiss the buds a little farther open every day. There is something very pathetic in the depths of those violet eyes, and sometimes tears fall on the budding clusters as they remember the hundreds of girls who have loved those flowering lilacs in the years gone by. That is what makes our lilacs sweeter than all the others we have ever known, for every tear is a tiny drop of the most fragrant perfume—sweet memories of happy hours and girlish friendships. Each year the perfume is more lovely.

The Blossom fairies, with hair of gold, and eyes like the shine of the lake on a clear spring day, are the busiest of all the Fairy colony under the Birch Tree. On them is laid great responsibility, and

their delicate lacy wings are never still. For their task is to bring the blossoms out in time for May Day, and all day long they flit from tree to tree, whispering to each little folded bud, coaxing and coaxing it to come out to rejoice and do honour to the May Queen.

The sunny little Rose-bush fairies are by far the friendliest. Wonderingly they attend all our outside classes. Their starry gray eyes peep over our shoulders as we study on the lawn. Their filmy yellow wings lift them to the school-room windows as we sit writing those awful final examinations, and unseen they throw us kisses and sunny smiles. They flutter excitedly over the courts during the tennis tournaments, and with their tiny silken fingers they gently open the yellow roses for our delight. At Commencement they ecstatically welcome back old friends—for they never forget anyone.

And as we leave, when the care-free Pixie people are unconcernedly playing down by the creek, and the Lilac fairies are crying softly under the Birch Tree, just as the crowded bus reaches the gate, they kiss us all good-bye—kisses full of good wishes for the future, and golden memories of a happy year.

“Do you wonder where the fairies are That folks declare have vanished?
They’re very near,—yet very far—
But neither dead nor vanished.”

D. S.

The New Aristocracy of Cooks

E. L. DOWSON.

—"The new aristocracy of cooks" . . . though the voice of the speaker continued, my fancy, having been arrested by this striking phrase, went off at a tangent, and the rest of the speech was lost to me. "The new aristocracy of cooks"—I said it over again to myself. The more I dwelt upon it, the more interesting it became. The short little epigram seemed symbolic of the new trend of our social life; seemed to represent the complete overturning of our ideals, of our standard of values.

No longer do people boast of acres and mansions. No, indeed! They invite their friends—in that fine, careless way which patently reflects their pride in the deed—to "come along to the club," or to the café, where the cuisine is excellent. The cook (we are even dropping the word *chef*) cooks to perfection—he's a real jewel. Ah! a member of the new aristocracy. We are really greatly impressed. We accept with alacrity.

Again, when we are dining with a friend, an appreciative word to our hostess brings forth the remark that she now has a most excellent cook. She's a real treasure. Ah!—our tone is one of deepest respect mingled with awe. We feel immediately that we have met another member of the elect.

Moving to a new apartment—the last word in modern efficiency—we find it equipped with the most diminutive kitchenette. Impossible, here, to prepare meals for a family! We see ourselves doomed to dining out indefinitely and the picture is not inviting. We demur—but only for an instant. It is soon explained that the neighbourhood community kitchen attends to the food. Expert cooks, graduates all of domestic science schools, send our meals all ready for the table, piping hot or frozen cold. They plan our menus along scientific lines. At last we shall reach maximum efficiency unhampered by dyspeptic

troubles or dietetic worries. Hats off to the company of expert cooks.

Time was, when Bridget ruled the kitchen with an imperious sway. Buxom and garrulous, she was wont to expatiate at great length upon her family affairs. If memory serves aright, there was usually a bibulous husband and rather numerous family—"it's tin child-es I've hed ma'am, and foive av thime wid me to-day, Hivin be praised. Patsy" . . . She waited not to ask, with Browning. "Shall I sonnet-sing you about myself?" But cook! She really could cook a meal and serve it too, if you weren't particular nor inclined to be fastidious about little things. She just couldn't bear fussing and was innocent as a babe about germs and the sanitary regulations as laid down by the Board of Health. Poor temperamental Bridget! her day is gone. Efficiency is the new pass-word, and, we, at least, are painfully aware of the existence of microbes and of regulations.

Passing also, is the stolid cook and maid of all work, whose attitude seems to suggest so definitely, "I have pledged my soul to endless duty." Often of foreign birth and training, she drudged through her housework and her cooking with a joyless patience or a sulky indifference which made life a drab and dreary thing and degraded the noble calling she could not appreciate. No, she can never aspire to join the new aristocracy of cooks.

Almost wholly opposite is the attitude of the "lady" who now presides over culinary operations in the modern home. A member of the Cooks' Union, which, she would have you know, is a Union in good standing, and affiliated with the Trades and Labour Organizations of the district, she demands her eight hour day, day off, and pay and a half for overtime. Not otherwise will she condescend to enter your house—a wide-awake, alert

sort of person who, even if a trifle doubtful about the nature of proteins, is volubly certain of the status of the proletariat. Many a time and oft, you long for the homely speech of Bridget, when wave upon wave of socialistic doctrine threaten to submerge you. Her extortionate remuneration you do not dare to term wage, although if necessity compels you to refer to it at all you may venture to compromise upon the innocuous word "money." Her sensibilities are most acute; she will get on. Indeed, she is already a "climber" in our new aristocracy and she seizes every opportunity for her advancement. But she can cook—there is no denying it. She will make you a Capital pudding or serve you a ragout of thyme with a relish. Yes, she can cook.

Who has not pitied the poor little bride of romantic fame, when, deserted by her transient "cook-general," she is left to prepare breakfast—with her own dainty hands? Her kitchen presents the appearance of confusion worse confounded (if we are to believe the modern novelist) while she, in great perplexity, but with a fine courage, strives to solve the difficult problem of separating two eggs which are already the width of the table

apart. Let us hope her day is also passing, for it has been said that the woman who can cook contributes more to the happiness of society than twenty who cannot.

Therefore, the modern girl, who is nothing if she is not thorough-going, is taking advantage of the departments of recently enlightened schools and colleges, to learn to cook. She realizes that it is an art as much as painting is, and would as soon depend solely upon instinct to become proficient in the one as in the other. "The worst preparation for a day's work is a poor breakfast and its shabbiest reward a bad supper"; and when the digestion gets a shock, it reacts upon the temper. Expert in cooking, versed in home economics, *au fait* with dietetic rules, the New Girl ranks high in the aristocracy of cooks. Her aim is efficiency, system, her means. She brings to her work a fresh enthusiasm, an unimpaired vitality born of her knowledge of the work and of her realization of her high place in the new scale of social values—values so inverted, that in recent Honour Lists for military decorations "even cooks were not forgotten"—truly a new aristocracy.

The Graduating Class of 1919

FRANCES RICHARDSON.—Frances was born in Toronto and before going to O. L. C. attended Westminister College in her native city. When at Whitby she took her M.E.L., which was quite a heavy course but Frances did it admirably. Even with all her work she had plenty of time for sport and excelled in basketball and swimming. She is now taking an Arts course at University of Toronto. Her favourite expression "Blessed if I know" is not entirely correct as Frances always had an answer of some sort for everyone.

LILA WILLINSKY.—Lila was born in Toronto where she lived until going to Whitby. She passed her Matriculation

at Jarvis Collegiate. Lila took the full two years course in Art at O. L. C. and in her second year was President of the Senior Class. For the first of this year Lila attended the Ontario College of Art but at present is just enjoying herself. Her favourite expression was—"Don't make me laugh."

ESTELLE KRIBS.—Estelle comes from Hespeler where she has lived all her life. Both Hespeler and Galt schools claim her as a student. Estelle did splendid work in the Household Science Course last year, completing it in six months. Next year we hope to see her working hard at Simmons College, Boston. This year Estelle is taking Matriculation work the

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THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1919.

1, Anna Carss; 2, Helen Hezzelwood; 3, Dorothy Keough; 4, Vivian Alcock; 5, Jean Leckenby; 6, Lila Willinsky; 7, Mabel Olmstead; 8, Estella Kribs; 9, Pearl Burnham; 10, Bernice Woods; 11, Ruby Parkhouse; 12, Mildred Carse; 13, Frances Richardson.

better to fit her for next years hard labours. Her favourite expression was "Really."

BERNICE WOODS.—Bernice, better known as Billie, hails from Napanee, where she lived for five years and then moved to Picton where she has resided ever since, passing both Junior and Honour Matriculation in the Collegiate of that town, Billie took the Household Science Course at O. L. C., and passed with such splendid marks that she was awarded the gold medal. Bernice also studied piano and vocal. She was a splendid basketball player and was on the Senior team. She was Vice-President of the Senior Class and on the Executive of the Athletic and Domestic Science Clubs. She took her M.E.L. at O. L. C. as well. At present she is "just having a good time."

Her favorite expression was "Do you know we will soon be finished with Dietetics."

MILDRED CARSE.—Mildred was our only American and was born in Buffalo, where she lived until the age of fourteen. She then went to Whitby where she has studied music under Mr. G. D. Atkinson ever since. Last year Mildred passed her A.T.C.M. examination with first class honour standing and next year expects to try her L.T.C.M. She spent six weeks last summer at the Chautauqua Summer School and attended Mr. Ernest Hutcherson's Teacher's Course and Interpretation Classes and also studied with him personally. Mildred was a splendid basketball player and was on the Senior team.

Her pet expression was "You old Pill."

RUBY PARKHOUSE.—Ruby was born at Crown Hill, near Barrie. She received her Public and High School education at Barrie. When at O. L. C. for the year 1918-19 Ruby passed her M.E.L. examinations successfully and received the gold medal. She was also lucky enough to pass the Junior School of Music examinations with first class honours. Ruby

was a good sport. She won a place for herself on the Junior basketball team and was pitcher for one of the teams in baseball. In the Athletic Club she was representative on the Vox Staff.

"That's something to be glad about" was a characteristic expression of our friend Ruby.

ANNA CARSS.—Anna first saw light in Lumsden, Sask. Her Public School and Collegiate education was received in Holstein, Ont. On entering O. L. C. Anna took up Household Science, in which she graduated in 1919. This year we see Anna industriously working in a bank. In three or four years time we will very likely address a Nurse Carss as Anna's ambition is to go in training.

Her favourite expression was "Don't get canary."

JEAN LECKENBY.—Jean hails from Hamilton, where she was born and has existed ever since except the two years she attended O. L. C., where she graduated in Commercial. "Leck" (by which most Whitbyites know her) received the gold medal for the highest standing in the two year Commercial Course. She took a particular interest in basketball and played her part splendidly on the team. "Leck" was Secretary of the Senior Class and was elected Permanent Secretary at the end of the year. O. L. C. can expect to see Jean gracing their halls by the first of May to finish the last term.

Her favourite expression was, "Now I ast ye."

DOROTHY KEOUGH.—Our friend Dorothy was born in the Province of Quebec. She is "a daughter of the parsonage" and has moved about from place to place as is the custom of Methodist ministers. She attended High School in Brockville and then went to O. L. C., where she studied for M.E.L. She also studied vocal with Mr. Blight and won a place among his most brilliant pupils. This year Dorothy is taking an Arts Course at Victoria.

Her favourite expression was, "Oh! my land."

PEARL BURNHAM.—Pearl came from Peterboro two years ago. She interested herself along the line of Art when at O. L. C., and when Commencement Day of 1919 arrived Pearl found herself the proud possessor of the prize for the highest standing in her course.

This winter Pearl has been enjoying herself in Florida.

Pet phrase—"You poor fish!"

VIVIAN ALCOCK.—Brandon, Man., was the honoured birthplace of Miss Vivian Alcock. Vivian took her Public and High School training in Edmonton and then enrolled as a musical student at O. L. C. in 1916. Her ability in this work was very outstanding, having taken her A.T.C.M. examinations with such high honours as to obtain the G. D. Atkinson Medal. Last year Vivian varied her practising with teaching and even in Christmas vacation her ambition led her to take Miss Myer's kindergarten course at the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

This year she is taking her A.T.C.M. work in vocal, and teaching piano. We wish her every success, being assured there are great things in store for one with such qualifications.

Her expression was always a sweet smile.

MABEL OLMSTEAD. — Walter's Falls claims Mabel as one of its citizens. She attended the Public School there and came to O. L. C. three years ago. Mabel led a very busy life with her paints and brushes and passed her graduating examinations very successfully. This year she is back at school again taking vocal and piano lessons but next September expects to go in residence at the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Her favourite expression was, "Oh! Pickles!"

HELEN HEZZELWOOD.—Helen, daughter of Mr. Oliver Hezzelwood, one of the members of the Board of Whitby, now a Torontonion, claims Oshawa as her birthplace. After attending Harbord Collegiate and travelling extensively she enrolled as a student in the Household Science Course at O. L. C., and was very successful in that department, taking the two years' work in one, as well as giving some time to vocal instruction. Hezzie held the office of representative of her class on the Vox staff and was elected Permanent President of the 1919 Graduating Class. "You can't make me mad" was Helen's favourite expression.

Listen for the Doorbell

CATHERINE McCORMICK BRICKENDEN.

Everyone has heard the wise old sayings about Opportunity, how it comes but once and returns but seldom. The Trouble with Opportunity, though, is that the old chap, (—or is it personified by one of the opposite sex?)—anyhow he, she or it, has so many disguises, and appears at the most unexpected moments and in the strangest places, that recognition never comes to us until too late. "If we only had known" we say, and shake our heads woefully and decide that Fate is against us; and then we are just as blind the next time, and I suppose we always shall be. But there is one Opportunity which is one of the greatest, that we "Old Girls" know very

well indeed, and that is the Opportunity of making friends. Fortunately that Opportunity comes more often than some, but never is the visit more fraught with importance than during the days at O. L. C. Of course everyone has a special chum at school. It's a wonderful thing to have a regular chum, an honest-to-goodness sort of pal, but does it ever occur to us that it might be just a little bit selfish to give our affection and interest to one person only? That girl we don't like, for instance, may be every bit as well worth knowing as we ourselves, and there is no telling what wonders just a little friendliness will work in lots of people. Take for example the shy girl; do we ever do more than say a

careless 'hello,' or do we really try to draw her out and make her feel that we truly do want to know her better. Then there is the frivolous girl too. At least we condemn her as such and take it for granted that she can't have a thought in her head; yet there may be just lots of good ideas and principles underneath. No matter how impossible or ridiculous it seems, there is something we can learn and some benefit we can derive from everyone, if we only try; and there is something we can give to everyone too, in giving them a little of ourselves. It is so much harder to know how to go about it when we are older, more difficult to make a start, and of course circumstances are not nearly so favorable after we leave school. It is such a worth while thing—Friendship,—worth hoping and working and fighting for, even through discouragement and disappointment. To have regrets after the Opportunity for good has passed is one of the very hardest things to bear, and it is almost worse

to refrain from doing good than to actually do wrong, for the former is often the result of "Oh I can't be bothered" whereas motives and excuses for the latter are more numerous.

May I quote two little sayings about Friendship that far wiser people than I, have expressed?

"Friendship is the scarlet thread let down from the windows of Heaven to bind human hearts together." And the other:

"It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends."

Now this isn't intended to be a sermonette, or even an essay—it is just a reminder that that fickle Opportunity is knocking at your door now,—or probably in these modern days the electric bell buzzer. Anyhow he, she or it, is the most impatient creature imaginable—won't wait a second on anybody's doorstep.

Listen for the doorbell!

Trafalgar Daughters

Our March meeting took the form of a social gathering at Mrs. Hales home.

Miss Annis, President of the Whitby Chapter was with us and she spoke briefly of the progress of our sister Chapter.

Our guest, Miss Scholey, gave a pleasing recitation and two enjoyable solos were rendered by a couple of our members.

At the conclusion of the programme refreshments were served, which brought the happy gathering to a close.

At our April meeting, which was held at the home of Mrs. Hamilton, a most interesting letter from Dr. Hare was read. The letter contained some interesting details of Dr. and Mrs. Hare's travels in Florida.

A letter from Miss Maxwell was read

regretting her inability to be present and wishing the meeting every success. It was decided to hold our annual luncheon on Friday, May 7th, at the King Edward Hotel.

The annual election of officers took place, when the following were elected:

President—Mrs. A. R. Riches.

1st Vice-Pres.—Mrs. J. C. Webster.

2nd Vice-Pres.—Mrs. J. R. Curry.

Cor. Sec.—Miss Helen Hezzelwood.

Rec. Sec.—Miss Mary E. Score.

Treasurer—Mrs. C. A. Westley.

Convener of Programme—Mrs. J. E. Potts.

Convener of Hostesses—Mrs. F. J. Gallanough.

There were present from the College

Miss Norma Wright and Helene Allworth.

A social half hour was spent while refreshments were served. The meeting was then adjourned.

MARY E. SCORE, Rec.-Sec.

IN LOVING MEMORY.

WAIND.—In loving memory of Percival Norris Waind, beloved husband of Laura McBrine Waind. Died at Hamilton, Wednesday, February 11th, nineteen-twenty, in his 33rd year.

Y. W. C. A.

After the numerous events, increasing activity of school life, and distressing nearness of examinations the Y. W. C. A. still holds out its light. That little light has shone pretty steadfastly through the winter months and although sometimes it seemed to glimmer faintly, at other times it was quite dazzlingly bright.

There have been several new and most successful additions to the programmes of our Thursday evening services. Perhaps the chief of these is the personal talks given by the girls in place of a mere reading. This has added a decided note of interest for the members,—the little messages brought by the girls themselves being particularly acceptable. Miss Murchie spoke one evening on loyalty to our school and meaning of school spirit. Jean Leishman gave a most inspiring little talk on the "fruits of the spirit," laying particular stress on "patience." Besides these enjoyable features of our meetings there have been several most interesting readings given by Miss Ball, Cora Olmstead, Charlotte Greenwood, Hilda Dawson, and others. The school had heard the report of the Des Moines Convention at a chapel service but Jean Gates gave an additional, perhaps more personal talk at a Y. W. C. A. meeting which, of course, the girls found intensely interesting.

YOUNGSON—Mrs. Robert Youngson, (Pearl Jones) a young bride of two weeks, died Saturday, at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jones, 78 Dagmar Ave., Toronto, following a short illness from meningitis. Mrs. Youngson was in her twenty-second year, and was an active worker in Riverdale Methodist Church, being also a member of the choir. She is survived by her husband, parents, two brothers, and two sisters.

Our chapel services this year have been, every one, full of inspiration and profit to all the girls. Speakers have come to us from many places and have spoken on just as many and varied topics.

Among the events of the year which will long be looked back upon with pleasant memories was the visit of J. W. Bengough, the celebrated cartoonist and lecturer. On Saturday evening, March 4, he gave the girls one of his rare treats in the form of various humorous selections, punctuated and greatly added to by his clever illustrations and cartoons. On Sunday Mr. Bengough addressed the school at chapel service. His remarks were necessarily of a more serious nature but not altogether without humour, as Mr. Bengough's wit is not the variety which absents itself for a whole evening. His subject was "The Single Tax," and, although it was one which the majority of the girls had never even considered, it was most interesting to all. The fact that it brought entirely new ideas made it doubly instructive as it opened new vistas of thought and desires for investigation.

It will be some time before Mr. er's clever sketches, humorous and otherwise. It will be some time before Mr. Bengough's visit to the College will be

forgotten. His winning personality and enthusiasm as well as the interest and humour of what he gave to us, will not fade quickly and none of us will be likely to miss an opportunity of hearing him again.

Miss Maxwell's chapel services are always looked forward to and more than come up to our every expectation. A few weeks ago she gave a most enjoyable talk founded on the "Idylls of the King."

Miss Ball's readings, talks, or lectures are all welcomed and her chapel talk not long ago on the Diaries of famous men, was no exception. To begin with it is a subject everyone is interested in but Miss Ball's new ideas gave it an additional interest.

Mr. Sanderson brought a message very near to all our hearts—some stories of our own college in its early days. Mr. Sanderson's father was connected with Ontario Ladies' College in its youthful days and brought us some interesting and amusing recollections.

Miss Olive Zeigler, Travelling Secretary of Sunday Schools, brought us another enjoyable chapel service. She is the possessor of a charming personality

and the girls enjoyed meeting her as well as hearing her address.

These are a few of the pleasant and instructive evenings the girls have spent hearing of the activities of various Societies and the beautiful and beneficial ideas of numerous splendid speakers.

The two Mission Study Classes have been exceedingly great in enthusiasm. They have met regularly every Sunday afternoon under the leadership of Dorothea Snider and Naomi Barrett. The former has been dealing with the Crusade of Compassion, medical work of various foreign fields. The latter has been studying Social Problems of the East.

Altogether we feel that though this has been of necessity a quiet term for the Y. W. C. A. it has not been lacking in benefits. The busy time of the Bazaar and other events which make for financial success do not always mark the true success of an organization of this kind. It is in the quiet meetings and Mission Study Classes in the middle or at the closing of a busy day, crowded with many interests, that we find a little time for quiet thought and meditation.

B. GERRIE.

Athletics

Miss Murchie received word from Miss Wellington, physical director of St. Margaret's College, Toronto, on Monday, March 15th, that they had accepted our basketball challenge and would be down to Whitby the following Saturday. When this news circulated among our girls the Captain immediately called her squad together and arranged practices for the week. These practices started at eight-thirty in the morning, when a half hour was spent in learning the rules of the game and working out combinations. This was resumed again at four-thirty when another hour was put in, and with this continuing, by Friday

the squad was in excellent condition to play the much-looked-forward-to game.

Our friends from Toronto arrived Saturday morning, and the game started at eleven-thirty.

The gallery of the gymnasium was filled with eager spectators, composed of teachers and pupils.

The first half of the game was refereed by Miss Murchie, while Miss Wellington was Umpire.

The game was played very fast, with both sides putting up a good, clean fight. The score at the end of the first half was Ontario Ladies' College 14, St. Margaret's 4.

The girls were then refreshed with oranges and lemons and after an intermission of ten minutes were again eagerly waiting to "get started."

The second half was refereed by Miss Wellington and the girls played harder than ever and certainly did some very brilliant playing. The score at the end of the game was Ontario Ladies' College 26, St. Margaret's 9.

The line up was as follows:—

St. Margaret's College.—Centres, Marjorie Fletcher, Esther Web; Forwards, Vivian Hall, Betty Howland; Guards, Marion White, Florence Prikard.

Ontario Ladies' College.—Centres, Hazel Taylor, Louise Burns; Forwards, Cort Reynolds, Laureen Terryberry; Guards, Enid Agnew, Dorothy Bayne.

After resting for a while the girls had

their dinner. The dinner table was simply decorated in the school colors, light blue and dark blue, with a basket of roses as a centerpiece.

The exercise had given all the girls good appetites and they surely did justice to the excellent dinner served to them.

The remaining two hours before train time were spent in picture taking and dancing in the gymnasium, after which cool drinks were served in the drawing-room.

The game was pronounced by all a great success not only because our girls won, but because of the splendid spirit displayed by all the girls, and we will always look back to those St. Margaret girls as the "very best bunch of sports" we have ever met.



THE SWIMMING EXAMS.

On Saturday, March 13th, Miss Pickard came down from Toronto to give the Royal Life Saving exams to eight of our girls. The medal tried for was the "Bronze," and those who tried were:—

Miss Murchie, Harriet McGregor, Marjorie Kisbey, Louise Burns, Shirley Leishman, Dorothy Bayne, Marjorie Nicol, Julia Eastmond.

We are all very pleased to know that all these were successful in their exam.

and are now starting to work for their silver medal.

M. M. WEBSTER.

THE GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION.

On Friday evening, March 19, the gymnasium exhibition was held. The gallery was crowded with members of the Faculty and town-people. The gymnasium floor was bounded by the girls and our week-end guests.

To the lilting tune of the Irish Jig

came Marjorie Kisbey and Charlotte Fralick and danced very prettily the Irish Jig in peasant-costumes. Next on the programme was a Physical Drill by white-middied girls with black ties slung smartly across.

An old fashioned dance "Lady Betty" was performed by Marjorie Nicol, who delighted the audience and was obliged to respond to an encore. Then the whistle blew and the apparatus was brought in. Some of the girls were performing on the horse, some swinging along the ladder, others doing the hand or head stand and still others swinging high in the air on the rings. All the girls lined up at mats at the back of the gymnasium and at given signals turned somersaults, which brought forth hearty applause from the audience.

"Narcissus" was the next dance which was delightfully rendered by Isabel

Fisher and Irene Carse, and the audience insisted upon its repetition.

To the bright music of Mr. Atkinson's march the middied girls marched in again and went through a dumb-bell drill. This drill was followed by a dance "Puff Ball," which Miss Helen Scott, costumed as Pierrette danced most daintily. This was encored.

Last on the programme was a game of basketball shots which was most exciting. We must not forget our Pierrette and Pierrot, Helen Scott and Isabel Fisher, who were our programme directors and who made such a charming picture at the end of the gymnasium.

We wish to congratulate Miss Murchie for the interest and enthusiasm which was shown and for the splendid work which was so much in evidence at this exhibition.

M. M.

FACULTY NOTES

On March 5th Miss Maxwell and Miss Brush went to Toronto to see a performance of Euripides' "Trojan Women" at the Hart House Theatre. The play was produced by the Players' Club of the University of Toronto, the music composed by Mr. Healey Willan, and given under his direction. The performance was exceedingly impressive and a rare opportunity for a student of the drama.

Miss Carruthers and Miss Dowson attended the Senior Reception held in Victoria College on Friday, 19th March. During the formal part of the program, Professor Hooke, Hon. President of the graduating year, took the chair. The Senior Stick, the Athletic Sticks and the College "V's" were duly presented, each occasion calling forth humorous speeches. The Class History, read by Miss Eleda Horning, one of our "old girls," provoked much applause; while the Class Prophecies, witty and clever, kept the audience in constant laughter. Miss Ruth Hilliard, also one of the "old girls" and a member of the graduating year, was the soloist of the evening. The

usual class yells and college songs concluded a lengthy and most enjoyable programme.

On the evening of the fifteenth of March, Miss Norma Wright heard Mr. Wiley Grier give a talk at the Toronto Art Gallery to the Young Men's Club of the Board of Trade on the exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists which is on view there this month. Mr. Grier was entertaining and instructive as he briefly commented on the work of the various artists. He showed a ready sympathy with, and understanding of the younger artists and a broad generosity towards those in his own field of portraiture.

We rejoice with Miss Emsley, in the fact that her mother has moved to Oshawa to make her home permanently in that city; thereby giving Miss Emsley the pleasure and convenience of being near her home.

Very much do we miss Miss Wallace from our community life; especially we regret the illness that is causing her absence, Miss Wallace is a positive factor

in our school life and we sincerely hope she will soon be with us again.

Miss Jean Rose, a former member of

the Faculty of this school, and Miss Grace Martin, both of Havergal College staff, were week-end guests recently.

Music

OKTICLOS RECEPTION AND DINNER.

On Wednesday evening, March 17, Mr. Atkinson's Studio Club held a reception in the Concert Hall.

The room had been completely transformed; easy chairs, softly shaded lights, rugs, all gave the room a very cosy and homelike appearance.

Mrs. Atkinson, Miss Gladys Hart, the President of the Toronto Okticlos, and Phil, were down from Toronto, and we were very pleased to have them with us, Mrs. Atkinson receiving with Miss Carse and Miss Gerrie.

After the arrival of the guests the following programme was given:

Bach Prelude and Fugue in G.
Miss Grace Cook.

Moskowski Valse in E.
Miss Dorothy Sarjeant.

Chopin Fantasia Impromptu in F.
Miss Reta Banks.

Thomas Mignon—Gavotte
Broome I Wonder Why.
Atkinson Lullaby.

(Accompaniment by Composer)

Miss Beatrice Gerrie.

Chopin Polonaise in Eb minor.
Miss Gladys Anderson.

Liszt Cantique d'Amour.
Miss Dorothy Morden.

Chopin Ballade in Ab.
Miss Adelaide Stenning.

Grieg Concerto in A minor.
Allegro, 1st Movement.
Miss Mildred Carse.

Orchestral accompaniment on second piano.

G. D. Atkinson.

Mr. Atkinson gave a short description of each number as it was played, which

helped make the programme more interesting. Every number was performed most excellently, and we are sure that Mr. Atkinson was proud of his pupils and their splendid work.

After the programme there was a short social time spent, during which candy was passed, and about eleven o'clock the guests said Good-night, after a very pleasant evening.

On March 17, before the Reception, the Okticlos entertained Mrs. Atkinson, Miss Hart, Mr. Atkinson, and Phil at a dinner in the Domestic Science dining room.

The room was beautifully decorated in St. Patrick's own colour, and the tables looked charming with their green candles, and favors, and the place-cards decorated with shamrocks. Nor must we neglect mentioning the Irish flags surmounting the ice cream when it appeared.

At 6.30 the guests and Club members went down to dinner and a jolly time followed. The Senior Domestic Science girls acted as waitresses and looked very sweet in their black dresses and white aprons.

Everyone voted the dinner a great success, and said that March 17, would long be remembered as a gala day by the Okticlos.

OKTICLOS TEAS.

Mr. Atkinson's Club has decided to serve tea in the Studio every Wednesday afternoon, at 4 o'clock. The girls of the various musical grades take turns in entertaining, choosing a hostess and girls to pour tea and pass it around from their own grade.

The first tea was held on Wednesday, March 3, the whole Okticlos being present. Miss Mildred Carse, President, received, and Miss Beatrice Gerrie, Vice-President, poured tea.

Miss Adelaide Stenning played the Chopin Ballade in A flat, and Miss Dorothy Morden sang "At Nightfall."

The invited guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. Farewell, Miss Maxwell, Miss Wallace, Miss Holland, Miss Hagerman, Miss Cora Olmstead, Mr. Blight and Mr. Green.

On March 10, the second tea was given at 4 o'clock, the Senior Music Students entertaining. Miss Dorothy Morden was hostess and Miss Grace Cook poured tea.

The programme for the afternoon was given by Miss Gladys Anderson, who played the Chopin Polonaise in E flat minor, and Miss Beatrice Gerrie, who sang "Wake Up."

The guests of the afternoon were Miss Maxwell, Miss Wright, Miss Ball, Miss Chantler, and the Senior Class.

On Wednesday evening, March 10, one of the yearly concerts was held in the Concert Hall, in which the following artists took part:

Mrs. Ida McLean-Dilworth, Soprano. (Soloist New St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church).

Miss Marion Copp, Contralto, (Soloist, Bloor St. Pres. Church).

Mr. J. Riley Hallman, Tenor, (Soloist Trinity Methodist Church).

Mr. Arthur Blight, Baritone, (Soloist Trinity Methodist Church).

The girls had looked forward to the Concert for some time, and all were delighted with every number.

The programme was as follows:

PART I

Donizetti—Now the Night in Starlight Splendour, Quartet, (From "Lucia di Lammermoor"). Mrs. Dilworth, Miss Copp, Mr. Hallman, Mr. Blight.

(a) *Fanning*—I've Something Sweet to Tell You; (b) *Brahe*—I Passed Your Window; (c) *Liddle*—A Farewell. Mr. Hallman.

Saint-Saens—Mon Coeur S'ouvre à ta

Voix, (From "Samson and Delilah"). Miss Marion Copp.

(a) *Floridia*—Madrigale del Rinascimento Italiani; (b) *Handel*—Recit. From the Rage of the Tempest; Aria—Hear Me Ye Winds and Waves.—Mr. Blight.

Puccini—Un Bel di Vedremo, (From "Madame Butterfly"). Mrs. McLean-Dilworth.

Squires—The Singing Lesson, Duo. Miss Copp and Mr. Blight.

PART II.

Handel—Where'er You Walk, (Semele). Mr. Hallman.

(a) *Arr. A. L.*—I've Been Roaming; (b) *Horn*—Lungi Dal Caro Bene. Miss Copp.

Duet—O That We Two Were Maying. Mrs. Dilworth and Mr. Hallman.

(a) *Haydn*—She Never Told Her Love; (b) *Crist*—Mistletoe; (c) *Tirindelli*—Absent. Mr. Blight.

(a) *Kramer*—The Last Hour; (b) *Scott*—Lullaby; (c) *Ronald*—Down in the Forest. Mrs. Dilworth.

Verdi—Un Di, Se Ben Rammentomi, (Quartet, "Rigoletto"). Mrs. Dilworth, Miss Copp, Mr. Hallman, Mr. Blight.

It is certainly a great privilege to hear such well-known and highly appreciated artists, and the audience showed by their applause that they fully appreciated and enjoyed the concert.

A short social time was spent in the drawing room, afterwards, when the Senior Vocal Students met the artists.

"THE WILD ROSE."

On Wednesday evening, March 24, the much-talked-of and long-looked-for operetta "The Wild Rose," was given in the Concert Hall, by the Choral Class.

The curtain rose about 8.30 disclosing twelve French maids in the chintz-decorated drawing-room of Rose MacLeod's city home, kneeling before large florists' boxes and telling the audience that Rose is blue while taking from the boxes masses of roses which they presently place in vases, in various parts of the room. Bobbie, Rose's page-boy, enters, telling

the maids that they had better get busy, and asking who is blue. While they are telling him, Mrs. Fussy, the crabby housekeeper, enters and in no uncertain tones sends them about their work. The maids go, protesting that they love Rose, who now enters.

After telling the audience how tired she is of her present life, several debutantes rush in to her, followed shortly by newspaper reporters, a dressmaker, milliner and perfume-maker, and charity and reform leaders.

Rose is so tired of it all, that she tells of a plan of hers. She has asked Lady Grey, an eccentric play-wright, for the leading rôle in a play of hers, and confesses that she is expecting the reply soon.

Bobbie enters, loaded with mail, and the longed-for letter from Lady Grey is there. Lady Grey has refused Rose's request, and Rose is so disappointed that she decides that she will go away into the country for awhile, not telling anyone where she is going.

Act II takes place on Rose's farm. The twelve maids are on the stage, dressed in brightly coloured smocks, and sun-bonnets and are telling of the joys of the country life. Rose enters, looking happy and contented, everyone is very jolly until Bobbie comes in, and dolefully tells his mistress and the maids he is not happy, because Mrs. Fussy "has an awful case on him," and won't leave him alone. Just then Mrs. Fussy enters and talks sweetly to Bobbie, promising to take him to town with her, whereupon poor Bobbie is nearly distracted.

Rose suddenly misses her cat, and she and the maids search vainly for her; then a nice elderly lady appears carrying the cat, and introduces herself as Lady Grey. All are greatly surprised, Rose most of all, and when asked what her name is, replies that it is Rose Wild.

Just at this inopportune time several of Rose's city friends, having found her whereabouts, arrive in motors, and immediately one of them lets slip Rose's true name.

It is now Lady Grey's turn to be sur-

prised, but she soon recovers herself and tells Rose that she is convinced that she is a clever little actress, and offers her the leading rôle in her play, adding that she would like to work Bobbie into the play also.

Bobbie is quite surprised and very proud, and patronizingly informs Mrs. Fussy that she had better make the most of him now, as she won't have him long. And so every one is happy.

The cast of characters is as follows:

Rose MacLeod...	Dorothy Morden
Bobbie.....	Beatrice Gerrie
Mary Forsythe...	Helene Allworth
Mrs. Fussy.....	Charlotte Greenwood
Lady Grey.....	Cora Olmstead
Miss Putemdown...	Reta Kerslake
Miss Talkalot.....	Mary Clark
Mrs. Doingood...	Catherine Burwash
Madame Sewseam....	Florence Uren
Madame Feathertop...	Grace Lander
Madame Smellsweet	Marjorie Clark
Miss Writemup....	Gwendoline Klombies

DEBUTANTES.

Dora.....	Frances Stevens
Flora.....	Bernice Breeze
Molly.....	Harriet McGregor
Polly.....	Dorothy Sargeant

MAIDS.

Julia Eastmund...	Maude McQuillan
Margaret Lee.....	Norma Moore
Isabel Fisher.....	Dorothy Bayne
Mabel Olmstead.	Jeanette Higginbotham
Elizabeth Morden..	Marjorie Hughes

Muriel Thompson

Chorus.. City people and country people

Miss Murchie—Dances.

Miss Ball—Expression.

Arthur Blight—Conductor.

Vera Hagerman, Mildred Carse—Accompanists.

After the operetta, the cast went to the drawing room, where they all met Mrs. Blight, who declared herself delighted with the whole operetta.

After light refreshments had been served, Beatrice Gerrie, the Pres., presented Mr. Blight with a gold pen-knife, in appreciation of his work in the school, and as a reminder of the school in future years. Mr. Blight feels that he must sever his connections with the College

at the end of this year, and we hope he will not forget the O. L. C., even though he does not come down any more.

Mrs. Blight and Miss Hagerman were

also presented with flowers; and altogether the evening was a great success and one long to be remembered.

Norma Moore.

Exchanges

The following exchanges have been read with much interest by the girls. Several are quite new to us and introduce a number of splendid ideas.

"The Argus," Appleby School, Oakville, Ontario. We have received two numbers of this magazine and enjoyed the good cuts.

Macdonald College Magazine, Macdonald College, Quebec.

Stanstead College Magazine also a new

exchange and a splendid all-round magazine.

Vox Lycei, Hamilton Collegiate Institute.

St. Andrew's College Review, St. Andrew's College, Toronto. The best Boy's College Magazine we have received.

"The Porpoise," a bright weekly paper from Daytona High School, Daytona, Florida.

L. AUSTIN.

ART

The terms fly so quickly, that when we only have our Art Club meetings fortnightly, there is really not much to tell to outsiders. The Club, members of course, have a really enjoyable time working together during the week, whether it be at china-painting, designing, sketching, or common every-day drawing. It is made so interesting, especially now, when some of the classes form little groups out on the campus to sketch real scenes from Nature.

The Dramatic and Art Clubs are very closely connected, and yet all year have had nothing in common until a few weeks ago our Art Club invited Miss Ball's students to join us for a social evening together. The Common Room was made very cozy and the evening

opened by a very fitting game—the drawing of animals, in which Margaret Potter's lion won first place. Miss Wright, we believe, discovered that it was not only her own students who were "real" artists.

Miss Ball then gave a talk on Dramatic Art, for which we all wish to thank her and show our appreciation. This was followed by a very interesting talk by Miss Wright on Art. Ice cream and cake were then served.

Mr. Green has very kindly invited his Art Students to visit the Grange in Toronto, and also his own Studio. I am sure more of us will wish we were artists on this occasion.

J. HIGGINBOTHAM.

Household Science

Since last issue of Vox another terms exams are over and we are on the "home stretch." We have written finals on some subjects and are putting more time on others.

During the last week in February it was suggested that the Senior Domestic girls give a formal dinner. All were eager for the novelty and a chance to show our skill. It was planned that each Senior have a guest and Ola Bennett was chosen hostess. There was much discussion and speculation over the menu and finally the following was agreed upon:

Tomato Soup	Fruit Cocktail	Bread
Potato Balls	Dressed Veal	Peas
Celery		Olives
Egg Salad	Cheese Sandwiches	
Orange Ice	Almond Wafers	
	Coffee Nuts.	

Two Juniors, Grace Lander, and Maude McQuillan, were chosen to serve in the dining room and Kathleen Macdonald and Margaret Lee to help in the kitchen.

The dining room was decorated in the club colours, orange and black. Rugs were borrowed from the common room and pretty shaded lamps and candles gave the room a very home-like and pleasant look. The place cards had for decoration a drawing of the Club Pin in colors.

The guests assembled in the drawing room and upon announcement of dinner descended to where the 'festal board' awaited them. Two tables were set with four at each. Miss Dowson presided at one with Miss Ball as guest of honor and Ola Bennett presided at the second table with Miss Dorothy Morden as guest of honour.

All reported an enjoyable time. To see the laboratory and dining-room at nine o'clock one would not know a dinner had taken place; tables and sewing machines were in order for the class on Friday morning.

On March 17th, at the formal dinner of Mr. Atkinson's Studio Club, four members of the Senior Domestic, Jeanette Higgonbotham, May Webster, Ola Bennett and Dorothy Sorby, served in the dining room with one Junior, Kathleen Macdonald in the kitchen.

J. BUCKINGHAM.

ART NEEDLEWORK.

After a lapse of a couple of years, the Art Needlework Course has again been introduced into the School, giving those who desire it, the opportunity of learning the finer Art of Sewing. Ten of the girls have taken advantage of this privilege, and it may be said that the Domestic Science girls compose the major part of the class.

Miss Warren, of Whitby, proves a very enthusiastic teacher and readily introduces this spirit into her pupils. The class meets on Friday afternoon, when with pleasant talk and work a couple of hours soon pass. Some very pretty work has been done, and each piece when finished, is laundered and laid aside in readiness for the exhibition in June.

On Saturday, April 17th, Miss Warren entertained the girls at afternoon tea at her home in Whitby, and we all appreciate this kindness so much. Miss Warren having attended boarding school will easily understand the extent of our appreciation.

O. B.

Commercial

On February 25, a meeting of the Commercial Club was called for, and a sleigh drive suggested. Everyone readily adopted the idea.

The drive was held on Saturday afternoon, February 28, ideal weather prevailing. The sleigh was at the door at 2.30, and accompanied by our teacher, Miss Archibald, we were soon speeding over miles of snowy roads. The drive was just along the country roads as owing to the epidemic we could not go through the towns.

Arriving back at the College about 4.30 p.m. we went to the Domestic Science Room where we partook of hot buttered rolls, coffee and cake.

It is with a feeling of relief that we realize that the third term examinations are over and the results compare favorably with those of last term. We are now looking forward to the finals in June with no little concern.

O. BENNETT.



COMMERCIAL CLUB SLEIGH DRIVE.

PERSONALS

We were glad to welcome back, even for a short week-end, Miss Frances Fraser, Miss Jean Leckenby, and Miss Kathleen Pearson.

Miss Elizabeth Fisher was the guest of her sister Isobel for a week-end, also Miss Margaret Wallace visited her sister, Gertrude.

Grace Delabey spent the week-end of Feb. 29, with friends in Oshawa.

On Thursday, March 1, Mildred

Carse played at a recital in Toronto. On the following Tuesday, she played at a Russian Club meeting where Mr. Green gave a lecture on Art.

Adelaide Stenning was the guest of Beatrice Gerrie at her home in Hamilton, for the week-end of March 12.

Dorothy Morden spent the same week-end at her home in Hamilton and Dorothea Snider, at her home in Toronto.

Charlotte Greenwood was away for two weeks, on account of illness at home.

Mildred Smythe also returned to us about three weeks ago, after being home for some time.

Ola Bennett spent a week-end in Toronto during the last term.

Miss Margaret McInnis, of Toronto University, was the guest of Margaret Webster for a week-end.

The following were away for the week-end of March 7, Enid Agnew, May Webster, Reta Campbell, Beryl Edey, Dorothy Pratt, Audrey Van Wart, Laureen Terryberry, Lillian Mulholland, Norma Moore, Frances Geller, Florence U'ren, Jean and Shirley Leishman, and Harriet McGregor.

We extend to Edna Kerr our sincere sympathy in the death of her father.

We are all very sorry to hear that Miss Thompson has been ill with scarlet fever, and hope that she will have a speedy recovery.

We welcome back Miss Alcock, who returned to us on Sunday, Feb. 23.

Jeanette Higginbotham and Margaret Lee, were the guests of Muriel Thompson for the week-end of March 12.

Mr. and Mrs. Farewell have given a series of formal dinners, and evenings of entertainment, which have been a source of great pleasure to all the girls, and, we wish to thank them for these delightful evenings which held so much of the spirit of home.

F. S.

EXPRESSION

The regular meetings of the Dramatic Art Club have been held fortnightly in Miss Ball's studio. On February 10, at the close of the business session, Margaret McIntyre read "A Model Letter to a Friend" by Booth Tarkington, which was full of merriment and gave the class great pleasure.

On February 24, the President announced that after the cast for the Commencement play was posted the evenings of the Club meetings would be devoted to the study of the play. Then Madelyn Payne read "How the Elephant Got His Trunk," by Kipling; and Mildred Cole gave "The Unexpected Guests." On March 8, Helene Allworth read "Ma and the Auto," by Edgar Guest.

The Expression Class was well represented in the Operetta "The Wild Rose." Those taking part being: Cora Olmstead, who enacted the part of "Lady Gray," Helene Allworth as Mary Forsythe, Rose's Secretary, Florence U'ren as Madam Sewseams, Marjorie Clark, as

Madam Smellsweet and Charlotte Greenwood as the grumpy old Housekeeper.

We are glad to be able to say that the Dramatic Art Club has been doing its bit at the Sunday evening Concerts in the drawing room. Short numbers by Elva Haskett, Madeline Payne, and Hilda Dawson were given and greatly appreciated.

We must not forget to mention "The Ballad of Hard Luck Henry," by Robert Service, read by Margaret McIntyre in the Presbyterian Church, on the occasion of Rev. E. Turkington's lecture on that poet. Margaret always delights her hearers by her enthusiasm in her interpretation and this was one of her best.

A recent letter from Mrs. Mary Merkley, '17, tells us that she is spending the winter in Mechanicsburg, Pa., in the beautiful Cumberland valley. We are very sorry to learn that Mrs. Merkley is not well and it is partly on account of her health that she is there. We wish her a permanent recovery.

H. A., C. G.

ODDS AND ENDS

EASTER WEATHER.

The wind it riz,
And then it blew;
And then it friz,
And then it snow;
And then we had a little rain,
And then it friz and snow again.

What church do you go to, Jimmie?

D. B.—Don't go to any—my baptism didn't take.

M. F.—I saw a scarlet tanager the other day.

M. H.—So did I. Blanche Bass has one.

"Eyes" was the topic of conversation at dinner. "I just love Hazel eyes," Gertrude innocently remarked.

"Oh you little Hazel-nut," came a voice from the end of the table.

Cort—(leaving 9 Main)—Good night ladies—you, too, Terry!

Dr. X. and Dr. Y. are in consultation.

Dr. X.—That poor girl is so cross-eyed that when she cries the tears run down her back.

Dr. Y.—Indeed! And what are you treating her for?

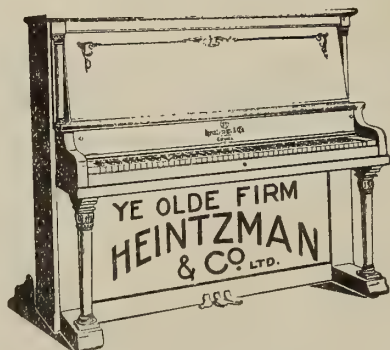
Dr. X.—Why—Bacteria of Course!

Heard in Miss Maxwell's Literature Class—Lady Macbeth held the rein and was the very backbone of the whole affair.

L. T.; K. M.

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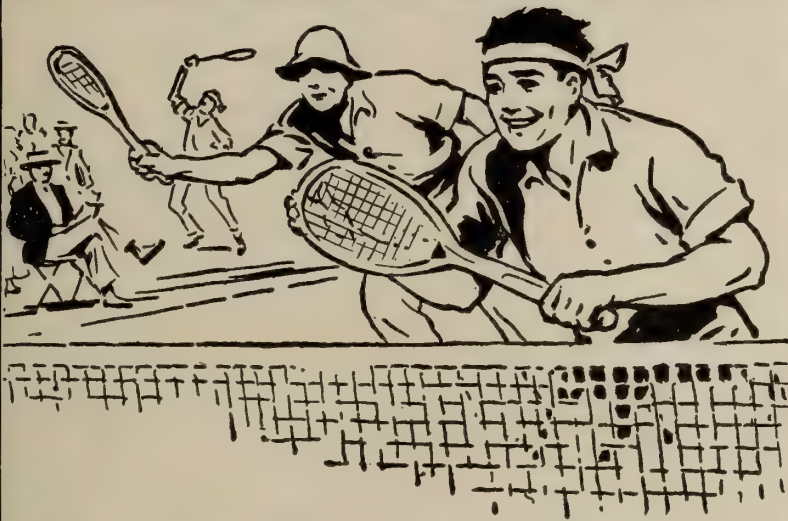
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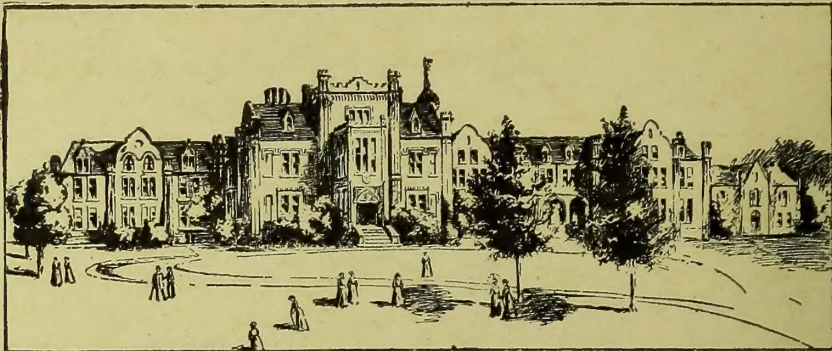
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